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THE
DIVINE · IN · MAN

BY

ELBERT HUBBARD
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**The Divine
In Man** 

By Elbert Hubbard



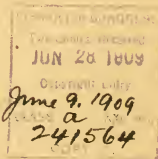
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The Divine In Man



MAN! I wonder what a man really is! Starting from a single cell, this seized upon by another, and out of the Eternal comes a particle of the Divine Energy that makes these cells its home.

Growth follows, cell is added to cell, and there develops a man—a man whose body, two-thirds water, can be emptied by a single dagger-thrust and the spirit given back to its Maker in a moment.

SIXTY generations have come and gone since Cæsar trod the Roman Forum.

The pillars against which he often leaned still stand. The thresholds over which he passed are there. The pavements ring beneath your tread as they once rang beneath his.

Three generations and more have come and gone since Napoleon trod the streets of Toulon contemplating suicide.

Babes in arms were carried by fond mothers to see Lincoln, the candidate for President.

These babes have grown into men, are grand-

fathers, possibly, with whitened hair, furrowed faces, looking calmly forward to the end, having tasted all that life holds in store for them.

And yet Lincoln lived but yesterday!

You can reach back into the past and grasp his hand, and look into his sad and weary eyes.

A man!

Weighted with the sins of his parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, who fade off into dim spectral shapes in the dark and dreamlike past * *

No word of choice has he in the selection of his father and mother; no voice in the choosing of environment * Brought into life without his consent, and pushed out of it against his will—battling, striving, hoping, cursing, waiting, loving, praying; burned by fever, torn by passion, checked by fear, reaching for friendship, longing for sympathy, hungering for love, clutching—nothing.

MY heart goes out to you, O man, because I cannot conceive of any being greater, nobler, more heroic, more tenderly loving, loyal, unselfish and enduring than are you.

All the love I know is Man's love. All the forgiveness I know is Man's forgiveness * All the

sympathy I know is Man's sympathy. ¶ And hence I address myself to Man—to you—and you would I serve.

The fact that you are a human being brings you near to me. It is the bond that unites us. I understand you because you are a part of myself.

You may like me or not—it makes no difference.

If ever you need my help, I am with you.

Oftea we can help each other most by leaving each other alone; at other times we need the hand-grasp and the word of cheer.

I am only a man—a mere man—but in times of loneliness think of me as one who loves his kind.

¶ What your condition is in life will not prejudice me either for or against you.

What you have done or not done will not weigh in the scales. ¶ If you have been wise and prudent, I congratulate you, unless you are unable to forget how wise and good you are, then I pity you.

If you have stumbled and fallen and been mired in the mud, and have failed to be a friend to yourself, then you of all people need friendship, and I am your friend. I am the friend of convicts, insane people and fools—successful and unsuccessful, college bred and illiterate.

You all belong to my church.

I could not exclude you if I would ✧ But if I should shut you out, I would then close the door upon myself and be a prisoner indeed.

The Spirit of Love that flows through me and of which I am a part is your portion too ✧ The race is one and we trace to a common Divine Ancestry.

I offer you no reward for being loyal to me, and surely I do not threaten you with pain, penalty and dire ill fortune if you are indifferent to me.

☞ You cannot win me by praise nor adulation.

☞ You cannot shut my heart toward you, even though you deny and revile me. Only the good can reach me, and no thought of love you send me can be lost or missent.

All the kindness you feel for me should be given to those nearest you, and it shall all be passed to your credit, for you yourself are the record of your thoughts, and no error can occur in the count ✧ ✧

You belong to my church, and always and forever my friendship shall follow you, yet never intrude.

I do not ask you to incur obligations nor make promises.

There are no dues ✧ I do not demand that you

shall do this and not do that. I issue no com-
mands * *

I cannot lighten your burden, and perhaps I
should not even if I could, for men grow strong
through bearing burdens. If I can I will show
you how to acquire strength to meet all your
difficulties, and face the duties of the day.

It is not for me to take charge of your life, for
surely I do well if I look after one person. If you
err, it is not for me to punish you. We are pun-
ished by our sins, not for them.

Soon or late I know you will see that to do right
brings good, and to do wrong brings misery, but
you will abide by the law and all good things be
yours * I cannot change these laws—I cannot
make you exempt from your own blunders and
mistakes.

And you cannot change the Eternal Laws for me,
even though you die for me.

But perhaps I can point you the pathway that
leads to Love, Truth and Usefulness, and this I
want to do, because I am your friend.

And then by pointing you the way I find it
myself * *

You belong to me—you are a member of my
church—all are members of my church, none are

excluded nor can be excluded. So over the plains and prairies, over the mountains and seas, over the cities and towns, in palaces, ~~temples, and~~ ^{over} wagons, dugouts, cottages, hovels, sleeping-cars, day coach, caboose, cab, in solitary cells behind prison bars, or wandering out under the stars, my heart goes out to you, whoever you are, and I wish you well.

Only love do I send, and a desire to bless and benefit.

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